THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

TO

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EDWARD J. FOSTER.

"It is not that cheek—
Tis the mind darkening clear
Through its innocent blush:
Maiden she has never been!
At the sky we look up to,
Though all stainless it be,
Is locked up to the moon,
Because it blushes so."

When the first sunbeam
Of morn o'er the Nile,
Flings the soft light
Of its resistless smile,
Over the wilderness and flower,
Awaking that hour,
Tinged spoilt or sweet power
To bud them awhile.

For legends still tell us
The bright sunbeam were
O'er Memnon's sad harp
All the spirit of love,
Fire to its mute soothsaying,
With soft breathings shaking,
Each sweet chord awaking,
Chained warmth and grace.

Yet wild through the spells
Of the morning first ray,
And remembers their power
The classical tone strings to sway.
A deeper now twanging,
O'er the shadows of waking,
That steals in the shining,
Their life breath away.
'Tis the spirit of love,
In its richness of hue,
From the veil that shines forth
In those eye's gentle blue,
O'er thy spotless brow flowing,
Each warm gleam of feeling,
Each bright thought revealing
Soon to fade away.

As the ray to the sun-tone
In long by gone years,
At the kiss to the wild harp
Thy soft spot I that wears,
The dark dreams that breed it—
The silence that crowned it—
All fled from around it
Neath the glance o reverie.

Original Sketch.

THE VIRGINNY TAVERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[The life like caricature of the following sketch will be recognized by many of the old travellers on the Old Dominion. The writer presents more in the name was We do not finish the picture but let the reader put it him to produce sketches every way equal to these in the "Per Hunter," by Mrs. Mor——. Possessing that the author is on his journey to visit a Virginia seat, we make way for him in "propria personæ."]

Gentlemen—Supper!" chanted the negro driver. I awoke, stretched, as here I must pause to say that alone we got to the jumping off place. Torte—tortle—tortoise—turtle! turtle! Oh, my! I had eaten it, and wasn't blow me how you can do it," he continued as cousins hammer tissue his seat, gripping the reins in his left hand, clenching the whip, and throwing the whip into his tall bony hammer he drove in full gallop amid a shower of mud and a volley of oaths to the negro boy, who, shoulder to shoulder, with the negro man of that peculiar hue generally denominated dirty—tan and bell Mass Jones, had to send me something to keep the cold from settling on my stomach, for I feel eternal anger and betwixt this evening. Howsomever," he continued, seeing the little black paid no attention to his order, "you need sit neither, for I'll be back in a minute or two, so as the ole off and he just paced them seven hearty go-outs I was last Saturday night pon Bill Nickens log do—hem—hem—hem! Here's that Bill Nickens log again, remember the ringing my trunk from the heavy boot and placing it within the rough slab house, I knew it was Virginny. Here I was in the land where in these diggins. Miss Jimmies ladies dear rain cakes, does up wheal bread and ebb'en fixins' I suspect you are used to the wheal julape any where in the States. Shall feed you well and fat. You off in fine style I tell ye."

I suppose you need me to Mr. Wilders?" I inquired. "You say it is supar distance."

No—I mean you need not. Mass Jimmie or some such trifle and Miss Jimmies can see you that is no time. Good afternoon, stranger, good afternoon, gen ery soldered wait for break up de cake turkey lets us. If hatch fore de week out, and stork Mass Dick last night's supper, and then we'll be off to de land of de Hope Ledge of I. O. of O. F. Lodge, and the Virginny Taverns in the wide woods, building before me, bearing as it did every mark of antiquity, and fast crumbling away from paint which led me seriously to doubt whether painting had ever been contemplated by Miss Jimmies or her worthy ancestor. So surely had time and weather distanced—Miss Johnson that fine old gal" in the small matter of age. The yard was sample—fixed fruits in Virginia generally are—and there was a path leading straight up from the gate to the porch steps. The path was a little muddy to be sure, but there was a lot of shake old planks, and such like, thrown down in its middle, and the walking might be considered pretty good if there was no hill never seen any better.

Nor was this front yard intended merely as matter of ornament to the mansion, or if so its proprietors had long since thought better of the matter, and devoted it to purposes of more practical utility.

An old horse, quite a veteran, lame, blind and troubled with that convulsive disease, want of flesh, was resting all comfortably from their labors, munching his teeth in order by gnawing a rail, while at a little distance off two cows were busily engaged in picking their destinies in the same manner. On the rail of one of these an old mule, calved old by, was alternately relieving itself with mild, and helping its self to some of the vegetables contained old weed. These hogs were digesting the possession of a cornash, while a terrier puppy stood looking at the operating gentleman. On the other side was gathered a motley mass of fowls, quadrupeds, and bipeds—a lot of geese wisely packing their feathers for the approaching gravity upon the probabilities of another shower—a parcel of ducks pleasuring in a dirty puddle—some dozen of hens to have been made to their especial benefit, and more chickens than it was ever before my lot to see congregated in one operation or of these and the hens through the medium of economy of—losing excluded." I suppose, for some half dozen young darkies were playing their black shiny persons children around the yard in its wake, yelling and shouting in the excess of their mirth.

I slowly advanced to the door wondering what was to come next, and somewhat reluctant to mount the steps inasmuch as directly at their head stood in decidedly contemplative mood a large fat hound! For awhile I stood facing the animal who seemed neither inclined to intrude or permit my passage, or indeed to take any notice of me whatever, so perfect was his state of quiescence. At last, however, I ventured to pass him and hammer at the door, but to all intents and purposes. As no one answered my summons. Presently I noticed first one little wool-ly head, and then another poked around the gable end of the house, and then jerked away by their nasty little owners, who ran off shaking their dirty shirts and giggling most vociferously. Well, thinks I, this is an hotel, or I am sadly out in my reckon. With a vengeance. I wonder where Miss Jimmies has betaken herself. "I say, stranger," (that is the word here for every body you do not know,) shouted to a yallow sickly looking fellow, miserably out at elbows and knees, who was lounging across the yard with an axe upon his shoulder, "I say, does any one live here?"

"Well, I reckon as how they does," he replied, staring as though he had never seen a man before.

"Then do pray have my trunk brought in, and get me some dinner. I am tired and hungry."

"You are barkin up the wrong sapkin now I reckon, stranger. I'm less as how I aint, landlord, but only a neighbor. I reckon Miss Jimmies can tend to you, for the old man went to court this morn-nin, and I reckon as how he went to see to loan, also night, so how you can fix it—maybe not then. I say, Cuff," continued he, addressing a little darky who just then stuck himself, "run tell your master a customer ar waitin at the door. Dang your great white eyes don't you hear?" and making one step towards him, the young varmint dashed off as fast as his legs would carry him.

In a minute or two a handsome middle aged woman made her appearance and inviting me in, apologized for my unavoidable detention, promising to have a dinner ready for me in a very few moments—while she was engaged in its domestic duty performed the necessary ceremony of ablution through the agency of a generous Turkey sugger and wash towel which adorn the porch of every country tavern in Virginia. In a few minutes my dinner was ready, and certainly I had formed no conception of enjoying so nice a meal in so unpretending a looking place—or rather a place of so unpromising an exterior, within doors everything was neat, tidy, and clean, bearing clearly the impress of a careful housewife.

Taking her seat with me at the table, my hostess ministered to my wants, and presided with that intuitive grace and ease which I have since found the distinguishing characteristic of all the Virginia Women of every rank and condition. She found out that I hailed from the land of steady habits, and under the many questions regarding the rejects which had reached her ear of the wooden hams of Connecticut, sawdust bread, and black walnut mixings manufactured in that region. Presently a fine hearty voice came in and addressed the lady as "my wife." This somewhat astonished me, and I confess I looked around for the "Mrs. Jimmies," but the lady quieted it "Miss Jimmie"—"oh, Miss Jimmie!" and then I saw a new color to the matter. Jennings had the name was rather long for servants and neighbors who "Mr. Wilders," she replied, "will you not stay till the morning—it is twelve miles, and the roads bad."

Declaring my indifference to the darkness and the roads, the former principally on her account, I rose to go, and she rung the bell for the waiter, a tall sooty mulatto in red flannel shirt, and pepper and salt pants.

"Well, Ike, remarked the lady, when that digni-tary appeared, for orders are prime ministers in the country—"the gentleman wishes to go to Mr Wilder's to night."

"Yes, Ike, I wish to go, and must trouble you to get me a conveyance."

"A horse-and-gen—den you's gwine to ride—but Mass, you cant go dis nate, no how you fix it."

"Cannot go to night! and why not, Ike, I should like to know?"

"Kase why dey ant nuttin for you to go in I reckon."

"Where is the carriage, asked the mistress.

"What so de carriage; why Mossa you know jist as well as I does, dat de nigger, dat lamed mine was away wid it no lame not las Easter an beak de cuplin pole all to' smash, soles knocking off de fo hoof pon a saddle, and wheels wobblers all dat, de harnss ant got no buckles on it all."

But I thought I told you to have it mended."

"No more ar I, for I ant got no time or some tarb trifle and Miss Jimmies can see you that is no time. Good afternoon, stranger, good afternoon, gen ery soldered wait for break up de cake turkey lets us. If hatch fore de week out, and stork Mass Dick last night's supper, and then we'll be off to de land of de Hope Ledge of I. O. of O. F. Lodge, and the Virginny Taverns in the wide woods, building before me, bearing as it did every mark of antiquity, and fast crumbling away from paint which led me seriously to doubt whether painting had ever been contemplated by Miss Jimmies or her worthy ancestor. So surely had time and weather distanced—Miss Johnson that fine old gal" in the small matter of age. The yard was sample—fixed fruits in Virginia generally are—and there was a path leading straight up from the gate to the porch steps. The path was a little muddy to be sure, but there was a lot of shake old planks, and such like, thrown down in its middle, and the walking might be considered pretty good if there was no hill never seen any better.

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Original Tales.

PLOUGH DEEP.

A Story of Real Life.

CONTINUED.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANCES AND FANNY, &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

Two years passed in this way, but it brought some little pleasure to Pauline Haroldine, for the grandmother bought a piano and plenty of music she had been taught to play by her brother, who was teacher of music and drawing in the school at Stockholm, where she was placed for her education. It was this great displeasure that he saw his sister, a mere child, taken from her studies and subjected to the caprices of such a woman as Madame Steno, who was a spoiled and powerless, and was compelled to submit.

Poor as the young man was at this moment, there must have been no want of money from his boyhood to this present time, for great pains were taken with his education—and he had travelled with a learned and intelligent man for three years. On his return to Stockholm, his grandmother told him that her family were exhausted—that she had spent all she had in the world on his education, and that he must now be the maker of his own fortune.

There was nothing therefore to look forward to but labor and this came in the shape of teaching—he obtained a situation immediately in the very school where his sister was—and he devoted himself not only to his scholars generally, but to Haroldine in particular.

Madam Jonat did not apprehend much injury from the introduction of so young a there he established—as she thought. "There seemed no prospect" remained for a "—" and being two years in Stockholm, determined upon trying his fortune elsewhere.

Just at this time a little incident occurred, which gave him a new color to his prospects. He had been entertaining the old lady Madam Steno, to let him have the services of his sister for a few days, which was granted. He then presented him with a basket of his great-grandfather's family—and it was while that this branch might be worth their attention. Madam Steno had hitherto refused to gratify him, but being in a particularly good humor at the moment, she said he might look at the basket, which he was most delighted to do.

"Come then," said the young man, as he led her across the hall to her own apartment—for she occupied the south—and he the north end of the house—"come then, and I will show you" and the marble floor with her high-heeled shoes and when they reached the door of the sitting room she stood upon the top of the flag as she stood upon her cabinet hung on the back of her chair in the hall. "Now," said the young man, as he put the key in the door, "you must consider this the basket of the whole house—and I will begin with my own apartment."

Madam Steno was delighted to be compelled to go in, and she was very unlike the French women, who generally abhor it. No one entered her room without knocking, nor were they to enter, unless she, or Sybil opened the door. At this moment Sybil was not necessary to knock's, as Madam Steno was not there, so he gently opened the door, and was entering but scarcely more than he stepped back. It was Sybil's grandmother Haroldine, who not suspecting any one to enter unless it were Madam Steno, had gone in from her own chamber to commence her afternoon's duty of reading aloud. Her sight was extremely weak, and she had been entirely ignorant of the secret, but poor Brenda had a secret of her own, and as she saw no harm in what was passing in her own heart, she feared nothing for others.

Brenda was a Creole, neither handsome nor pretty, but she had a clear skin, and a fine form, and was willing and obliging to oblige, and this willingness was severely tasked by Madam Steno and Sybil. The former was exacting, and the latter was a perfect vessel to Cpital as cook, but the roughness of the weather which ended in a heavy snow storm, had prevented any one from coming to Madam Steno's, so that the captain was glad to leave her behind at Upsal. Sybil found her out, and hired her for Madam Steno, and it is this that Haroldine had two uninterrupted hours on the morning.

"Now, Master Steno," said John, on the day that Haroldine was returned, "you would like to come to come of this? You love Miss Haroldine and she loves you—never mind you."

"Ah, John, what mind, indeed! for I have no means of supporting a wife."

"Why, master, you know all that two years ago, and nothing has happened to make a change.

"How could I have imagined that I should fall in love with Sybil's grandmother? That Miss Steno Kmeel, I will take no matter even with her, it is right that he should know it.

CHAPTER IV.

Kmeel was well aware of the fact before Steno told him, and it is needless to mention the very pleasing to speak of it. He had perfect reliance on Steno, but the prospect was not of all charming, and he thought of Sybil's grandmother. That Steno loved her was evident, and that Haroldine loved Steno should live in this way, seeing each other by stealth with the hope of a happy termination of their difficulties.

"You must leave Upsal, Steno," said the young man, "there is no way of avoiding trouble but by yourself and unhappiness to Haroldine. Madam Steno will confine her to the country as soon as she returns!"

"I leave Upsal!" said Steno. "And pray where am I to go with an empty purse?"

"I am in the same unfortunate dilemma. Now and yet I intend to seek my fortune elsewhere. I have saved a hundred dollars, and half of it is yours Kmeel. Let us go and see what can be done in England or America. I have a presentiment that we shall find favorable employment. You are my friend, and I will share with prospects to secure your marrying with the consent of Madam Steno as to carry off Haroldine if we cannot see her in Sweden."

"Kmeel said that done. Kmeel, I am not so sanguine as you are, and if the world be for her I shall not leave Haroldine behind, if I do go from Upsal. I have still that—But let us not mar this project for a future discussion. At present I cannot consent."

"Well, Steno, all I have to say is this, that I am obliged to leave the country to seek for an independence which I cannot get at home. If you will not accompany me then you must consent to one of two alternatives you must either marry Haroldine at once, or allow me to let her know that I am right of your attachment. You know that I am right."

"Neither of the alternatives is an evil to myself, Kmeel, but of the two, I prefer to marry your sister at once. You must feel assured that if our attachment is known, poor Haroldine will undergo severe penance of some kind. Perhaps she may be sent off to a distant place—and how can I prevent it? I wish I had been taught some profession. What have I been doing these four years, that the future has been no part of my dreams?"

"I must leave Stockholm next week, Steno, and if, after this evening's consideration, you think best to marry, let Juha bring me a letter, and we shall then decide upon what is proper to be done. I think, on the whole, that Haroldine should not be told of your intention till all is decided. It will throw her into an agitation which will cause suspicion."

Kmeel left the Chapel, and Steno walked about in great uneasiness. He was well aware that he had no right to involve a young creature in all the cares and difficulties of such a marriage as he could offer, and might live for many years before he for as appearances indicated—for though she grew thinner and seemed more feeble than she was the previous year yet her health was good. Even at her death how small an income would be his. A house, a castle rather and thirty acres of ground was all that he could claim.

A young man of twenty-one will rarely declare against matrimony when no obstacle is in the way but want of fortune. Steno came to the conviction being a solitary ramble in the woods, that thirty acres of land, with John's assistance and his own would suffice for a few years, and it would be very strange if something did not occur to brighten their prospects. John, who had been told of his decision, was despatched with the letter, and in the course of a few days, Kmeel arrived. He was well, and said that he and a clergyman would be at the Chapel at ten o'clock the next day, to perform the ceremony. He counselled Steno to say nothing to Haroldine, but to request Madame Steno to meet him at the Chapel at the same hour.

"Well, I shall leave you then, Haroldine—I shall not trouble you any more. You must tell me to-morrow when you are ready."

Haroldine saw no objection to this, so she replied that she was in the house at the same hour, and then returned to the house, unobserved.

The next day brought Haroldine to the Chapel, and in a short time Steno came with the young man: and he, who began that in pleasantry merely to amuse an idle hour, soon grew very much interested. He began to pace the street fast, and grieving besides, as time unknown to him, he found himself at the door of the Chapel, and finally tempted her on the lake. John saw all this, and was happy to think that his young master had now something to live for, and he knew that he was now approaching with rapid strides. In his simple, unsophisticated mind, nothing was wanting but the consent of the lover that was agreed on the present instance, what was to prevent these young people from living on until they were old enough to marry?

Steno saw Ernest Walder, the brother of Haroldine, in a short time, and he soon found out his friends. As Sybil had forbidden him to visit at the Castle, Kmeel had not seen his sister in two years, and as he was now acquainted with Steno, he often saw her privately, either in the chapel or else with them when on the lake.

It was very strange that neither Sybil nor Madam Steno inquired how the two bears from the Chapel had been spent. Those two knew that Steno was in the habit of exercise, and as she always made it a rule to walk for half that time, she could not imagine that he was absent. Sybil was glad to find a delicate, slender girl she was shooting up to a fine, healthy young woman, was satisfied that the change was for the better. Sybil, however, had a secret, but poor Brenda had a secret of her own, and as she saw no harm in what was passing in her own heart, she feared nothing for others.

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tence was to be borne by a constant interchange of letters. The science suggested by John was not mentioned, for the plain reason that Nature knew she would not consent to it, for all enhancing was abhorrent to her nature.

At dinner that day Stacie resolved to open part of his plans. Madame Stevens was still moody, and the illness of Sybil added to her gloomy feelings.

"Are you really in earnest in saying me to go to France, Tantie? Must I really go there in search of a wife?" said Isaac.

"Indeed I am in earnest," said she, looking at him as if to ascertain whether he meant to take her advice.

"Well, if that is the case, I must leave, I suppose. But I cannot bear the idea of leaving you alone. I can scarcely of some comfort to you, my dear Tantie."

"Yes are a comfort to me, Stacie; but I am not selfish, so I should prefer your remaining with me."

"Will nothing short of French do for you? Suppose I meet with a Spanish lady—"

"Stop, will you," said the scowling at him. "Spanish! I hate Spaniards! I wonder what next! To be short with you, Stacie, either marry a French woman or remain single."

"If I do whether I marry Tantie to whom will this Castle and its thirty acres belong?"

"You will drive me crazy!" said the old lady. "Are you going to France or not?" If you mean to go, I have letter of introduction already written, and then you will be at home immediately. Depend upon it, you will not have the difficulty in getting an amiable and rich wife, the moment you are known as my relative."

"It is so many years since you were in France that I should think you had but few friends left, Tantie."

"Well, if I have only one left, that one will be enough; especially if Mr. Voisin be living. He was here on a visit when you were a child, and that is not so many years ago. Now when do you set out, Stacie? The season is fine and peace also dangerous."

"I intend to pay a visit to our old friend Ludwig, Tantie, and then I shall be ready at a moment's warning. I hope Sybil is better."

"No, she is not better. I do not think she will ever be better. You see, therefore, the necessity of getting married as soon as possible, for I shall be left quite alone. As to Fillie, she is worse than no one; for she is resentful in the way. Now she wants the horses, and then she hates Rosda, and it was only an hour ago that she told John to row her across the lake. She is growing more restless and troublesome than ever. Go, therefore, Stacie, but make your visit short, so I am important to see you set out for France."

Poor old lady! her wonderful taste grew smoother on hearing that Stacie agreed to her plans. She was not the first one by thousands, however, who thus pleased by deception. All exacting parents and guardians make themselves liable to be deceived in this way. If the child is aware of the right, it will stoop in the weakest part, and they realize the consequences.

Stacie, it appeared, to Stone, that he should be [illegible] particularly to a [illegible] he happened [illegible] his whole life. She had to fight some him in the [illegible] against his inclinations; and in the present instance [illegible] was an impossibility to him complying with her [illegible] As he did not wish to drive her to extremity, he [illegible] it better to deceive her in the way John proposed, who [illegible] Here pretended to adopt her views.

TO BE CONTINUED.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1846.

TERMS.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons enlisted in the office.

Augustus Gubler, Hercheimem, Missouri.
Dr. T. J. Jones, Bethesa Church, Granville, N. C.
Harvey Johnson, Calhoun's Mills, S. C.
Reuben Isler, Kingston, N. Y.
Wm. Herring, do. do.
A. B. Capron Lanell, Maryland.
Jas. Tell, Farmington County, Ohio.

☞ A. G. McCreary, Post-Master at Fellows, Brown county, Pa., is desired to remain in office, without delay. The amount due for subscribers ordered by him in October, 1845.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Some of the articles in the present number are of greater length than it is our usual practice to give, but all the subjects contained possess interest, now as the reader is not inclined discontinued. As stated last month by a son of the "Old Dominion" is on the first page. "Forget Deep" increases in interest as it progresses as we shall finish this story next week. On the inside is the report of Dr Durbin's instructive article of poignant importance to the Christian world. We have thought proper in a notice of Carlyle's Cromwell," to say a few words on a subject which all Protestants should be equally interested to read to-we mean the liberal views and spirit of enlarged charity which distinguished the early Quakers above all others of the Puritan sects.

By this time next week it is probable that we shall have the foreign news, and learn how the President's Message has been received abroad. The message will be due on Tuesday, but her news may be anticipated a day or two by one of the packets. The expectation of this has caused quite a stir in New York, and the daily newspapers there, anxious to anticipate their competitors in furnishing news, have made liberal offers to pilots, who will board ships at sea and procure intelligence in advance. The race between the Courier, Tribune and Herald promises to be quite a hasty victory. The Courier began the friendly bidding in willingness to give fifteen dollars per day, for each and every pilot later intelligence from England, the news to be for instant communication to the Courier office. Greeley then offered two hundred and fifty dollars to any pilot who would furnish it with two days later and extensive intelligence for the expected packet ship. The Herald has copied the chimney, and bids for the news, twenty per cent more than any one of its contemporaries may offer. Keep it up, gentlemen. Activity is the soul of business. It is very evident that you are all making money; or you would not be willing to spend it so freely. Outvie each other if you can: there is nothing the American people like so much as competition.

After all, this universal Yankee nation is a great whole, and only a larger pattern of the three newspapers we have alluded to. Davy Crockett's motto, "Go Ahead!" describes, in two words, the American people to private and public life they possess, to their full extent, the desire of excitement and the love of acquirement. What the drunken tinker, and Wat Tyler hoisted for "Liberty, Property, and Cobbleration," he only expressed a sentiment, which, in one stage or another, lurked in the heart of nearly every American. Hence it is that we are nearly everybody else-we have a tongue of some kind or other every one has; and we have characteristics to which, of late years especially, our countrymen have pretty well established their claim. In some respects our nation and ourselves are as of a body of opposites-mixed hop-skotching, slapping, and treating, day in and day out-but nevertheless, full of fine points of character, and containing several elements of moral and intellectual greatness. It would seem as if nothing could keep us still. Without excitement we should die. The nation must constantly be-to use a common phrase-kicking up a fuss generally, while every man looks on approvingly, if not kicks up a row in particular. Then, in Congress, for as many years back as we can remember, there has always been some one subject, which, in the language of the play, has been the chief attraction of the session. First, it was the case of the United States Bank-then the Sub-Treasury experiments that followed the Abolition petitions-in its turn was the North Eastern Boundary question, and recent Texas-and now it is Oregon. All these matters, except the last, have been quietly disposed of, after being "a nine days" wonder" and, all in their day, created quite a [illegible] while tempus, sufficient, at least, to satisfy the moderate measure of excitement who crowd the great public circus. In the same period of time, we have had, in every section of the country, but as many local excitements-whether it has been civic election and the like, fights at elections, the hanging of gamblers, great speculating fevers, and all the other amusements of wild western men, in the particular, was to unsettle themselves. During the same period, politicians of both sides, and moral teachers of neither have declared the country ruined, a dozen times. And all this while, private individuals have been carefully practising Crockett's maxim, "Go Ahead" and the country is growing fast-while the country, with now and then a check, has been steadily advancing, like some mighty tide!

We are inclined to look upon this matter with the eyes of a philosopher. We have often, in our own mind compared this country to a huge figure of a fractious, but high-blooded colt, which, though it stops to kick and caper occasionally, in a general way proceeds on its way. Of all nations this has its peculiarity. The Englishman drinks his beer, eats his beef and grumbles; you would think he was a perpetual grumbler, a surly bear; yet he is a very respectable animal notwithstanding. The Frenchman smiles, swallows his soup and eats his [illegible] supper with zest, if you were out of humor, you might fancy him a monkey, but the Frenchman is a very gallant fellow after all. We have Americans with our peculiarity; and it is the one we spoke of. We must be kicking up a rumpus of some kind, or else we fancy ourselves stagnating for want of excitement. "What's the fun, tonight!" as the newsboys say when they go to the circus. "What fresh absurdity is there to-day?" is a great deal more accustomed to ask. "What's the ininjey?" as the hoosier is reported to have said. And every one of these questions is characteristic of the "restless Yankee nation." The love of excitement, and the desire to excel every one else marks other people besides the Yankees, New York, who offers to give sport to every one, more than any competitor for news.

CARLYLE'S CROMWELL.

The "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" elucidated by Carlyle, is the work which just now justly engages the public attention. It is certainly open able, but as certainly a dangerous performance. We have not read a book for years, we will undertake to say the foundations of truth. Written in the style which the author has employed on all his later works-a style which literally lards and slobbers, is often obscured and always powerful-full of withering sarcasm, of fiery bursts of invective, and of lofty pretensions in favor of humanity-and it is for as insidious as it is dangerous, not only to the "humanizanding of history, but to morality and to the faith. There —

Cromwell, the great Protector, was an impossibility of his complying with her wishes. As he did not wish to drive her to extremity, he [illegible] it better to deceive her in the way John proposed, who [illegible] Here pretended to adopt her views.

Carlyle's account of Cromwell's life, which Carlyle has written over, or directly applaud. Even the atrocious massacres in Ireland, on the ground that it was necessary to break the heart of that nation before quiet could be restored; and that the slaughter of two thousand in cold blood at Drogheda, and of as many more at Waterford, were merciful and necessary acts, Carlyle seems aware at what he pretends is the awful sentiments of those who would call these murders, by their right name. In perusing his pages we wondered, we would almost say, as we listening to some blood-stained prosecutor of the Dark Ages, such reasoning as Carlyle's the emperor Nicholas extended his atrocities in Poland-such reasoning the apologist of Alva vindicates his sacrifice to the Netherlanders-such reasoning the intolerant in all ages of the world have imputed to defended the use of the rack, the cord, and the stake. No one can read the letters of Cromwell without seeing that this Irish war was at bottom a religious persecution. To uphold it we must excuse the slaughter of the Huguenots, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the pains and penalties which England for so many centuries, has heaped on the dissenters. We must go even further, and declare that, while all the world has been learning on toleration, for two hundred years, we should march forward and bloody career, in a lie. The argument may be put into a nutshell. Rights cromwell was guilty of a great crime in the Irish massacres, as were the Quakers then, and the world since, have been wrong in maintaining the sacred cause of religious liberty. Carlyle is continually hailing Cromwell as a hero, using that term not in its popular significance, but in referring to one possessed of the rare perhaps divinely inspired. Thus he speaks of the Cromwell sought, over his contemporaries, which Cromwell had into his age. But what did Cromwell do to advance-to his day? Was he not rather behind many great contemporary intellects? At the very time Cromwell was putting the glaives of Ireland to rebellious

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Remittals must always state the Post Office name and town as well as State to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and Wisconsin, and will call on the Postmasters in Cincinnati, *Chamber-lain, Hall & Co. Booksellers, Wright, Brooks & Co.* and other Booksellers, and receive subscriptions.

JOHN MIMS, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHN SON are our agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South Western States and Florida, viz: *James, Ball & Wingate, U. H. T. Sam, William H. Weir, John P. Weir, R. D. Sam, Jr. & Co.* Booksellers, Mobile, Alabama.

THOMAS REVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following extract from the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master when the money just exceeding ten dollars is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the name of the person for whom it was sent in the Post Office; who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

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The following is a form of the receipt which may be used:

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To the *Post Master at Philadelphia.*

Sir—I have received from *John Hulsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Pilgrim's Progress. Second Series, for the Post Office which I have declared one per cent. and charged myself with the same on the return of the quarter in the account of Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail as an acknowledgment similar to the following is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia.

POST OFFICE, *Mollus, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

Received from *John Hulsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Pilgrim's Progress. Second Series, for the Post Office which I have declared one per cent. and charged myself with the same on the return of the quarter in the account of Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of Post Office regulations in the remittal, by mail, notes of solvent banks to payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER, AND RECORD OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. *Edited by Isaac Hays, M.D. No. VIII. New Series. January, 1846. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* It is an ably conducted periodical journal, published monthly, at the price of three dollars a year. The present number is the first issued under the charge of Professor Horner, of Jefferson College, in a different capacity of its excellence. From the editorial remarks on the following remarks on EPIDEMIC FEVER:

"We have never known, much pain to be so prevailing throughout the country as at the present time. Chronic rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and neuralgia, attack it in a great extent and what is remarkable, the epidemic prevails in the cold as well as in the warm months. The variety of remedies employed in pursuance of the theory or practice of professors by having prevailing had the disease to have been tested, and in such an extensive way, as to establish—the attack consisting of more or less pain in the muscles of the back, loins, and limbs, for a few days at the commencement, with a very sparing eruption, and sometimes with a slight degree of fever. Patients of different constitutions, and of every age, have been attacked, and the disease has run its course, and been followed by the same results. The disease attacks those who have not previously been vaccinated successfully, or have not had the vaccine matter, if they have been successfully vaccinated small pox; in some instances long distance, and in others after a short interval, in the same subjects. The treatment of the patient. In Philadelphia, where the disease has been most prevalent, and where the Medical Department has been formed of no common extent, we have not yet met with a case of small pox, which has proved fatal, or in which the disease has been severe. Even in the country, as we have come to our knowledge, have been confined to such as did not undergo vaccination, or in which the proper vaccine matter had degenerated. It is said even as an enlightened community like that in which we live, so much has the disease been divested of its terrors by the necessity of vaccination, the repeated introduction of new vaccine matter, and the universality of its adoption, that the inoculation of variolous matter, which has been practised by children or parents, who had until the time been regarded, that case it is found that the disease has not appeared for any long time from a disease so communicable, which such circumstances would have previously done. A large portion of the augmented cases that occur in Philadelphia are from persons who have been vaccinated in the country or surrounding places and it would appear that as years have passed by, the protection which the vaccine matter has given to all over the disease has in a great measure ceased among people as prescribed for their guidance, the same recommendations prevails. According to the statement of the number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, this disease seems to be more severe in the New England States."

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Jan. 1846. Lea & Blanchard.* This medical quarterly, which has now completed twenty years, is already in the circles of the profession, as the Edinburgh Review in the circle of belles letters. The contents of the present number are of unusual interest. In the department of Original Communications there are no less than four articles, all valuable and instructive;—among the most interesting are "Facts in relation to Hydrophobia," and "Cases illustrative of the contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." The Bibliographical Notices are extensive, and full of erudition. A valuable feature in this journal is its quarterly summary of the improvements and discoveries in the medical sciences. We wish it may be in the hands of every physician, as the advance of its profession in knowledge, unless he is a constant and careful reader of the Journal of Medical Sciences.

POPULAR TREATISE ON THE TEETH, embracing a Description of their Structure, Growth and Diseases; also *their Treatment, both in the Preservation and Cure of these Diseases, and the Insertion of Artificial Teeth. By the usual methods of inserting Artificial Teeth. By Robert Arthur, M.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Late of the American Society of Dental Surgeons.* I call Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Late of the American Society of Dental Surgeons.

Selected Poetry.

THE DESERTED ROAD.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

No traffic on the road, no sound of wheels;
Here where the fox had kept from well to well
Or undisturbedly crows picked off the frog—
Some, frozen from the mire in winter days
Along the ways[t]; beneath our feet the snow
Crushed as we walked, and once we stood
Where, near the ancient cellar's mossy mass,
Thick, snugly embedded, lay the barberries in
A forest of old apple-trees supervised,
Covered with moss like lichen, and mistletoe clung;
And yet a fruit ambued, fruit of leaves,
Which he who in its forage kept the spot
Had planted, there mingled barberries and
As the rest.

Much food was there for thoughtful,
Solitary wanderers, for they dwelt here,
In this old mansion, the elder husband and
Miss Rie ourselves, who wearied by roaming free,
Loved the still spot, nor feared a further wild.
A little well half fallen boarded it square,
Where chinese fruit-nose shows the garden's pride,
Surrounded with the cowslips, where red cones
Usurp, the glance of the faster growth.
I know not how it is, but in these scenes
There is a desolation me complete,
That strikes off what I have passed;
And all the growth of woodland, and the sight
Of distant cottages, or landscapes wide,
May not blot out the desolation spot
Yet why should I remember them who lived,
And think of children's voices, and the blest,
Caressing hands of darling parents here
Have twined themselves in that soft, youthful hair—
All gone, and silent as no child were?
Why should I think and dwell upon them now,
Who for me never really lived indeed,
But only in my mind's eye, and in fancy
Take this irrespective life, to whom
I people the still ocean with living men,
Who will not altogether live for me,
Who vibrate in the house whose walls I rear—
The mansion so tenantless of life and voice
Of my intent, in this solid Winter day.
And let me bustle not such images,
Idle as shadows that the tall reeds cast
Over the silent ice beneath the moon;
For in these silent nights where I dwell,
And evermore crossing, weaves a veil
In which all this that I recall lies close.
There must be much retirement from the day,
And in these shadowy regions I shall see,
Some time, the real phantom of myself.
Therefore farewell, then fair and silent place,
Where novices Winter sleeps, or the soft bow
Of some half-drowsy Autumn afternoon;
And may no hasty foot tread thy domain,
But only man in speculation moved,
Bad as myself—creature of the Past.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

THE NECKAR—A GLANCE AT STUTTGARD—LUDWIGSBURG—THE ZABERGAU —FAMILIAR SCENES—ARRIVAL AT HEIDELBERG—A STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

Heidelberg, June 25, 1845.

Delightful Wurtemberg! Shall I ever forget thy lovely dells, where the waters of the classic current of the Neckar, or the lofty hills, covered with vineyards and waving forests, and crowned with heavy ruins, that tell many a tale of Barbarossa and Duke Thric and Goetz, with the Iron Hand? No—never even the fourteen hills from beautiful—was the fearless people less faithful and kind and true, and would I revere the land for the great spirits it has produced, still would the lone shore of Frederic Schiller, of Uhland, and Schwab, and Hauff, be sacred. It is no wonder Wurtemberg can boast such glorious genius; its lovely landscapes seem to have been made expressly for the cradle of genius; and no other scenes could his infant mind catch a more benign inspiration. Even the common people are deeply imbued with a poetic feeling. We saw it in their friendly greetings and open, expressive countenances; and it is shown in their love for their beautiful homes, and the rapture real reverence with which they speak of their country's bards. Every peasant can repeat by some romantic legend of the past, or the song of some modern poet, and the banks of the Neckar resound, night and day, to ballads of Uhland and Hauff. And no river in the world, equal to it in size, flows for its whole course through more delightful scenery, or among kinder and happier people.

After leaving Esslingen, we followed its banks for some time at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, covered to the very summit, so far as the eye could reach, with vineyards. The morning was cloudy, and white mist-wreaths hung along the sides. We took a road that led over the top of a range before and on arriving at the summit, we saw all at once the city of Stuttgard, lying beneath our feet. It lay in a basin encircled by mountains, with a narrow valley opening to the south-east and running off between the hills to the Neckar. Churches, castles and shaded walks lay before us, while the whole valley was taken up so far as we could see, by the magnificent park and gardens of the king, whose summer palace Rosenstein, stood on a mountain opposite. The situation of the city is one of wonderful beauty, and even after seeing Salzburg, I should not help for a thousand worlds.

We descended the side and entered it. I inquired immediately for the monument of Schiller, for there was little else in the city I cared almost sweep. We had got quite tired of running about cities, hunting the or that old church or palace, which perhaps was nothing after all. Stuttgard has neither galleries, ruins, or splendid buildings, to interest the traveller, but it has Thorwaldsen's Statue of Schiller, calling up at the same time its shame and its glory. For the poet in his youth was obliged to fly from that very city—from home and friends, to escape the persecution of the governments on account of the free sentiments expressed in his early works. We found the statue without much difficulty. It stands in the Schloss Platz at the southern end of the city, in a very poor situation, surrounded by low old buildings. It should rather be placed aloft on a mountain summit, in the pure, free air of heaven, bearing the thought out to temper, as he struggled with a giant spirit against the storms of life. The figure is fourteen feet high, and stands on a pedestal of bronze, with bas reliefs on the four sides. The head, crowned with a laurel wreath, is inclined as if in deep thought, and the lofty account is seen in the countenance. The waldcan has copied so truly the expression of poetic reverie, that I wanted, half-expecting he would raise his head and speak to me. Stuttgard has another

Heilbronn, we would see the tower where Goetz von Berlichingen was imprisoned for two years by the citizens, but we had obtained this scene in the castle at Erlach, and the prospect of getting to a better place was then beyond our power to reach. So we set next morning for the Zabergau.

A scene delightful region than this I have seldom passed through. The fields were full of rich, tasty grain, and the trees had a luxuriance of foliage, that reminded me of the vale of the Jed, in Scotland, but more extensive and magnificent. Indeed I have seen once a single hedge or fence, stood the long array of a mountain side, making the pictures and plots. As we lay sometimes on the hill-side, and looked on one of those sweet vales, we were astonished at its Arcadian beauty. The meadows were as smooth as a mirror, and it looked as if there was scarcely a grass-blade out of place, and the great oak trees that stood here and there, had lined each of their leaves as carefully with silk, as if they were dressing for a ball. The wind, as it went through the mazes of the Yeagers in France, with all the excitement one feels on entering a foreign land. *Now*, the scenery around that same Kaiserslaut was nearly as familiar to us as that of our own homes, and it seemed half like going home to be going towards it. We soon entered the hills and began to ascend, and from the mountains of the Odenwald, that we were approaching the Neckar. At last we reached the last height. The town of Neckargemund lay below us on the opposite side of the river, and the eastern side were scarred with quarries of the rich red sandstone, so much used in building. The blocks are hewn out, high up on the mountain side, and then sent rolling and sliding down to the river, where they are loaded in boats, and floated down with the current to the distant cities of the Rhine.

We were rejoiced on turning around the corner of a mountain, to see on the opposite side of the river, the road winding up through the forests, where last fall, our Heidelberg friends had accompanied us as we set out to walk to Frankfort, through the Odenwald. The village of Zeegilhausen was at the base of the mountain, and it seemed almost see the dwelling of the talented and friendly pastor. A little further we saw Kloster Neuberg, formerly an old convent, and remembered how we used to see it every day from the windows of our room on the Neckar, but we almost shouted aloud, when we saw at last the well known bridge spanning the river, and the glorious old castle lifting its shattered towers from the side of the mountain above it. Its hallways left a strong attachment in the mind's less ruin, and as I beheld it again, with the warm sunshine falling through each broken arch, and the wild ivy draping its desolate chambers, it seemed to smile on me like the face of a friend, and I confessed I had seen many a grander scene, but few that would cling to the memory so fondly.

Yesterday evening there was a student burial here, by torch-light. This is done when the student wish to display a particular honor to the memory of the departed brother. It was one of the most impressive sights I ever witnessed. They assembled at dark, in the University Square, each with a blazing pine torch, three feet long, and formed into a double line. Between the files, walked at short distances an officer, who, with his sword, broad hat, military collar, black and white plumes in his cap, looked like a knight of the olden time. Persons with torches walked on each side of the hearse and the band played a lament so deeply mournful, that the scene, notwithstanding its singularity, was very sad and touching. The thick smoke from the torches, the long line of the files, and the red glare all over the hundred crowds in the streets, and crowded into the dark alleys. The Hauptstrasse was filled with two lines of flame, as the procession passed down it, but when they reached the extremity of the city, the hearse went on, attended still with torch-bearers, to the Cemetery, some distance off, and the students turned back, running and whirling their torches in wild confusion. The music struck up a merry march, and in the smoke and red glare, they looked like a company of mad demons. I declared he called a friend of death's head, and to silence for awhile, but as soon as it had left them, they turned about to revel again, and thought no more of the lesson. It gave me a painful feeling to see them rushing so wildly and disorderly back to the assemblies all together again in the square and tossing their torches up into the air they blazing into a pile, and while the flame and black smoke rose in a column into the air, they sung a solem chorus, the song "Gaudeamus igitur" with which they close all public assemblies. Among the band I could not help but be charmed with a seven from the United States, (of Alleghania?)

J. S. T.

Our Scrap Book.

THE SNOW.

BY B. J. LEDON.

The snow! the snow! the beautiful snow!
How gossamer like its fall,
As it lights around, on the whitened ground,
The school boy's shout with its ringing sound
Is answering clear to his playmate's call!
And his cheek lash a redder glow.

It has drifted here! it has drifted there!
And the poor old beggar's tattered coat,
Is covered beneath the feathery wreath
That is lighted on his frosty head.
And the flying hails from the horses' feet
Are dancing at the sight
Horses for the snow! horses! horses!
And the sleighs slide swiftly by,
And the merry bells are ringing,
Of the laughing voice and the heart that swells
With the spirit of the spring glee, and the glancing eye
Like starlight flash to their gay array.

I scorn! I scorn! and the flakes as they fall
Are touched the tinsel gone,
It hath covered the floor of the shivering poor
As it covered the marble walks of the gaping door
And leaves on the hearth its glistening trail
That speaks of its wintry call.

Why falleth it now on the rushing floor,
In a track so pearly white!
It doth more than woe, where no embers glow,
And no word of cheer is spoken;
When it falls like a withering blight
In the cheerless home of the poor.

The heavy guest; no joy he brings
To the pale and shivering form,
Who in vain invokes the lingering sun
And also sees the drifts on the heartsome pond,
Unbroken by skating from the morn.
More closely to her clings.

The piercing wind; how it blows
Through the scanty garments it finds and thin!
And the wrinkles of care are furrowed there,
Where it finds the lineage of grief has left.
But her heart is more cheerless within,
Shelterless, poor sinner!

Q? One of our upper crust exquisites, a few days since, told his coachman he might have a coat he didn't intend himself to wear any more, "Thank ye sir, very much indeed," said he, "I have no dresses to own any of your *abandoned habits*."

Q?" Mr. R——r, if you'll get my pants done by to-morrow night, I shall be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game, they'll not be done now," said the tailor.

Q?" The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience, is illustrated by the following anecdote: "I met a fat man on the pavement yesterday smelling at an apple or a pear with a pair of scissors?"

Q?" Where a house is well furnished with books and newspapers, the inmates are usually intelligent and well informed, but if there are no books or papers the children are ignorant, if not profligate.

Q?" Mrs Lemon and a Mr. Thorup are giving concerts at New Bedford. A little lumping makes a very good mixture of those people—*Lemon Thorup*.

Q?" Wasn't Cowper an Odd Fellow? Hear him sob: for a lodge in some vast wilderness!

Q?" He who buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

FATHER TAYLOR AND THE SAILOR.—This celebrated preacher is native related, on a late occasion, the following anecdote:

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If I were an artist, I should sketch down upon the margin of my page the little cottage on the river, the road winding up through the forests, where last fall, our Heidelberg friends had accompanied us as we set out to walk to Frankfort, through the Odenwald. The village of Zeegilhausen was at the base of the mountain, and it seemed almost see the dwelling of the talented and friendly pastor. A little further we saw Kloster Neuberg, formerly an old convent, and remembered how we used to see it every day from the windows of our room on the Neckar, but we almost shouted aloud, when we saw at last the well known bridge spanning the river, and the glorious old castle lifting its shattered towers from the side of the mountain above it. Its hallways left a strong attachment in the mind's less ruin, and as I beheld it again, with the warm sunshine falling through each broken arch, and the wild ivy draping its desolate chambers, it seemed to smile on me like the face of a friend, and I confessed I had seen many a grander scene, but few that would cling to the memory so fondly.

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J. S. T.

Our Scrap Book.

THE SNOW.

BY B. J. LEDON.

The snow! the snow! the beautiful snow!
How gossamer like its fall,
As it lights around, on the whitened ground,
The school boy's shout with its ringing sound
Is answering clear to his playmate's call!
And his cheek lash a redder glow.

It has drifted here! it has drifted there!
And the poor old beggar's tattered coat,
Is covered beneath the feathery wreath
That is lighted on his frosty head.
And the flying hails from the horses' feet
Are dancing at the sight
Horses for the snow! horses! horses!
And the sleighs slide swiftly by,
And the merry bells are ringing,
Of the laughing voice and the heart that swells
With the spirit of the spring glee, and the glancing eye
Like starlight flash to their gay array.

I scorn! I scorn! and the flakes as they fall
Are touched the tinsel gone,
It hath covered the floor of the shivering poor
As it covered the marble walks of the gaping door
And leaves on the hearth its glistening trail
That speaks of its wintry call.

Why falleth it now on the rushing floor,
In a track so pearly white!
It doth more than woe, where no embers glow,
And no word of cheer is spoken;
When it falls like a withering blight
In the cheerless home of the poor.

The heavy guest; no joy he brings
To the pale and shivering form,
Who in vain invokes the lingering sun
And also sees the drifts on the heartsome pond,
Unbroken by skating from the morn.
More closely to her clings.

The piercing wind; how it blows
Through the scanty garments it finds and thin!
And the wrinkles of care are furrowed there,
Where it finds the lineage of grief has left.
But her heart is more cheerless within,
Shelterless, poor sinner!

Q? One of our upper crust exquisites, a few days since, told his coachman he might have a coat he didn't intend himself to wear any more, "Thank ye sir, very much indeed," said he, "I have no dresses to own any of your *abandoned habits*."

Q?" Mr. R——r, if you'll get my pants done by to-morrow night, I shall be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game, they'll not be done now," said the tailor.

Q?" The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience, is illustrated by the following anecdote: "I met a fat man on the pavement yesterday smelling at an apple or a pear with a pair of scissors?"

Q?" Where a house is well furnished with books and newspapers, the inmates are usually intelligent and well informed, but if there are no books or papers the children are ignorant, if not profligate.

Q?" Mrs Lemon and a Mr. Thorup are giving concerts at New Bedford. A little lumping makes a very good mixture of those people—*Lemon Thorup*.

Q?" Wasn't Cowper an Odd Fellow? Hear him sob: for a lodge in some vast wilderness!

Q?" He who buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

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"Well, I think my meal is ground before this," said Gregus, rising to leave. "Can't you, as usual, Lucy, spare me a little bunch of pinks for my mother's?" She is fond of flowers."

"La! yes, Jane," exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, with officious zeal, "do run out and pick Mr. Dale as many as he would like. Lucy is too lazy to do any thing."

Lucy was not too lazy to gather flowers for Gregus, but finding her office superseded, merely followed him to the door. While Jane was stooping over the little flower-bed she saw the miller look at Lucy, earnestly, and whispered, unobserved by others, "Read the paper carefully and do all I ask you."

Lucy immediately went to her chamber and perused the note. "Dear Lucy," it said, "I have found a pleasant, quiet place for you. It is about ten miles from here, in the cottage of a gardener. It will be easy for you to assist in selling a couple of her flower-gardens, and green-house. She is very kind and I have interested her in your history. She is willing to receive you for every thing to protect and defend you. Be ready, dear Lucy, to quit this place at a moment's notice. I shall be waiting for you with a carriage at the foot of Snake Hill, at twelve o'clock, to-morrow morning. I have devised father with the idea that I am going to market at that hour. Now don't disappoint me, dear Lucy, and all will yet be well.

Lucy did not fail. Though she occupied a chamber with the rest of the children, she was so accustomed to rise an hour or two before them, that they never noticed her leave the loft the next morning. Stealthily opening and closing the door that led out upon the hill-side, with her little bundle in her hand, she left the house. Once out of sight of the dwelling, she went in the road known by the name of Snake Hill George was not there! what could it mean? Had he left her to encounter alone the fate from which he had so nearly? Too early by a full half hour dear Lucy? Every wheel of every wagon that had been counted throughout the long night, and since the last hour, since she had waited, and waited, what seemed to her an interminable length of time, and still George was not early. But better too soon than too late, thought Lucy, and so she walked on in the direction of the village, and had proceeded about a mile when she was too